

Plague of Athens,

Which hapned in the

SECOND YEAR

OF HE

Peloponnesian Warr.

First described in *Greek* by *Thucydides*;
Then in *Latin* by *Lucretius*.

Now attempted in English,

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

By

THO. SPRAT.

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. C. for Henry Brome at the Gun in
Ivy-lane, 1667.



Let this Book be Printed,

Roger L'Estrange.

March 28. 1665.

Plague of Athens,

Which hapned in the

SECOND YEAR

OF HE

Peloponnesian VVarr.

First described in *Greek* by *Thucydides*;
Then in *Latin* by *Lucretius*.

Now attempted in English,

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

By

THO. SPRAT.

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. C. for Henry Brome at the Gun in
Ivy-lane, 1667.

Plague of Athens

Which hapned in the

SECOND YEAR

OF THE

Peloponnesian War.

First described in Greek by Thucydides:
Then in Latin by Lucretius.

Now attempted in English.

By

THEO. SPRAT.

LONDON. 1667.

Printed by B. C. for Henry Brome at the Gun in

St. Dunstons Church.

To my *Worthy and Learned Friend,*
Dr. Walter Pope, late Proctor of
the University of Oxford.

16 D 39 20, 1
SIR,

821
SP 76 p
1667
I Know not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which Nature sometimes cherishes and allows Monstrers, The love of Variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolisht Copy, and comparing it with my excellent Patterns, the *Greek and Latin*. By this you will see how much a noble Subject is chang'd and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason *Alexander* had to forbid his Picture to be drawn but by some celebrated Pencil. In *Greek Thucydides* so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a Poem, his description, or that of *Lucretius*. Though it must be said, that the *Historian* had a vast advantage over the *Poet*. He having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horror familiar to his Eyes, and all the shapes of the *miser*y still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great impression on his Pen and Fan-

A 3

cic.

1075560

Gen. les. Harv. 1911 39 Lawrence = 16672d

UMI

cic. Whereas the *Poet* was forced to allow his foot-steps, and onely work on that matter he allow'd him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: For being so far remov'd from the place whereon the *disease* acted his *Tragedy*; and time having denied us many of the circumstances, customs of the *Countrey*, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the subject; besides only writing by an *Idea* of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel, (being not of the humor of the *Painter* in *Sir Philip Sidney*, who thrust himself into the midst of a *Fight*, that he might the better delineate it.) Having, I say, all these disadvantages, and many more, for which I must onely blame my self, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldning me to this rash attempt, you have given opportunity to the *Greek* and *Latin* to Triumph over our *Mother tongue*. Yet I would not have the honour of the *Countries* or *Languages* engaged in the comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the *Authors*. But I have much reason to fear the just indignation of that excellent Person, (the present Ornament and Honour of our Nation) whose way of writing I imitate: for he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the *Heavens* by that bold man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of *Thunder* by the sound

sound of Brass and Horses hoofs. I shall only say for my self, that I took *Cicero's* advice, who bids us in imitation propose the Noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common Level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned Poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent Musician, that the weak Bird, endeavouring by straining its throat, to follow his Notes, destroyed her self in the Attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose my self than be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve my self,

SIR,

Your most Humble and

Affectionate Servant,

THO. SPRAT.

found of Birds and Flowers. I shall only say for my
 self, that I took your advice, who bids us in imitation
 propose the Noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we
 may be said to be raised above the common level, though
 we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope
 that renowned Poet will have none of my crimes any
 way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the
 excellent Manner, that the weak Mind, endeavouring
 by straining its power, to follow his steps, destroyed
 herself in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have
 chosen rather to expose my self than be disobedient, you
 may judge what zeal and hazard I strive to approve
 my self.

218

Your most humble and

Affectionate Son

Thos. Streat

THUCYDIDES, Lib. 2.

As it is excellently Translated by Mr. Hobbs.

IN the very beginning of Summer, the Peloponnesians, and their Confederates, with two thirds of their forces, as before invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, King of Lacedæmon, and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the Countrey about them. They had not been many dayes in Attica, when the Plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a Plague, and Mortality of Men, was never remembred to have hapned in any place before. For at first, neither were the Physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men that most approach'd the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the Gods, and enquiries of Oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable; in so much as subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first, in that part of Ethiopia that lieth upon Egypt, and thence fell down into Egypt and Afrique, and into the greatest part of the Territories of the King. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first up-

on those that dwell in Pyrexus; insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poyson into their Wells for Springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high City, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every man, Physician, or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce for great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things, as one may take his Mark by, to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it my self, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other Diseases, most free and healthful. If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this; if not yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreame ache in their Heads, redness and inflammation of the Eyes; and then inwardly their Throats and Tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noysome and unsavory. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast. And when once it was settled in the Stomach, it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that Physicians ever mis-
 misd. Most of them had also the Flickeyeye, which brought with it a strong Convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch, were neither very hot, nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beset with little pimples and welks; but so burned inwardly,

by, as not to endure any the lightest cloaths or linnen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but meer nakedness, but rather, most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the Wells; and to drink much, or little, was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever. As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in 9 or 7 dayes, whilest they had yet strength, or if they escaped that, then the disease falling down into their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness. For the disease (which took first the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body; and he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts; for breaking out both at their Privy-members, and at their Fingers and Toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their Eyes, & many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all expression of words, and both exceeded Humane Nature, in the cruelty where with it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those diseases that are bred amongst us, and that especially by this. For all both Birds and Beasts, that use to feed on Humane flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting

perished. An Argument whereof as touching the Birds, is the manifest defect of such Fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the Carcasses, or any where else; but by the Dogs, because they are familiar with Men, this effect was seen much clearer. So that this disease (to pass over many strange particulars of the accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn, and for other usual sicknesses, at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and Physick that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain Medicine, that applied must have helped them; for if it did good to one, 't did harm to another; nor any difference of Body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it, but it carried all away what Physick soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was the dejection of Mind, in such as found themselves beginning to be sick, (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance) as also their dying thus like Sheep, infected by mutual visitation: For if men forbore to visit them for fear, then they dyed forlorn, whereby many Families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men. For out of shame, they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their friends, especially after it was come to this pass, that even their Domesticks, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much compassion both on them that died, and

on them that lay sick, as having both known the misery themselves, and now no more subject to the like danger: For this disease never took any man the second time so as to be mortal. And these men were both by others counted happy, and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope, never to die of any other sickness hereafter. Besides the present affliction, the reception of the Countrey people, and of their substance into the City, oppressed both them, and much more the people themselves that so came in. For having no Houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling Booths, the Mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the streets, and men half dead about every Conduit through desire of water. The Temples also where they dwelt in Tents, were all full of the dead that died within them; for oppressed with the violence of the Calamity, and not knowing what to do, Men grew careless, both of Holy and Prophane things alike. And the Laws which they formerly used touching Funerals, were all now broken; every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the Funerals of their Friends. For when one had made a Funeral Pile, another getting before him, would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the City, began at first from this disease. For that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst

didst now do freely seeing before his Eyes such quick revolution,
 of the rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their Es-
 tates; insomuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their
 Goods, even for their pleasure, as Men that thought they held
 their Lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in
 any action of Honour, to take any, because they thought it uncert-
 tain whether they should die or not, before they achieved it. But
 what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to plea-
 sure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither
 the fears of the Gods, nor Lauds of men, aimed any man. Not the
 former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not wor-
 ship, from seeing that alike they all perished: nor the latter, be-
 cause no man expected that lives would last, till he received pu-
 nishment of his crimes by Judgement. But they thought there
 was now over their heads some far greater Judgement decreed
 against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some
 little part of their Lives.

The



The Plague of **A T H E N S.**

I.

UNhappy Man ! by nature made to sway,
And yet is every Creatures prey,
Destroy'd by those that should his power obey.
Of the whole World we call *Man-kind* the Lords,
Flattring our selves with mighty words ;
Of all things we the Monarchs are,
And so we rule, and so we domineer ;
All creatures else about us stand
Like some *Prætorian* Band,
To guard, to help, and to defend ;
Yet they sometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes against us rise ;
Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thousand Diseases sent by Fate,
(Unhappy Servants !) on us wait ;
A thousand Treacheries within
Are laid weak Life to win ;
Huge Troops of Maladies without,
(A grim, a meager, and a dreadful rout :)
Some formal Sieges make,
And with sure slowness do our Bodies take ;
Some with quick violence storm the Town,
And all in a moment down :

Some

Some

Some one peculiar sort assail,
Some by general attempt prevail.
Small Herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And small is the assistance they can give;
How can the fading Off spring of the Field
Sure health and succour yield?
What strong and certain remedie?
What firm and lasting life can ours be?
When that which makes us live, doth ev'ry Winter die?

II.

Nor is this all, we do not only breed
Within ourselves the fatal seed
Of change, and of decrease in ev'ry part,
Head, Bellie, Stomach, and the Root of Life the Heart;
Not only have our Autumn, when we must
Of our own Nature turn to Dust;
When Leaves and fruit must fall;
But are expos'd to mighty Tempests too,
Which do at once what that would slowlie do,
Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal.
From ruine we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of stuff,
Mouldring and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and destructive VVar,
From Heaven, from Earth, from Sea, from Air.
VVe like the *Roman Empire* should decay,
And our own force would melt away
By the intestine jar
Of Elephants, which on each other prey,
The *Casars* and the *Pamperys* which within we bear;
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign Armies, and external foe,

Some-

Sometimes the *Guthis* and the barbarous rage
 Of Plague or Pestilence, attend Mans age,
 Which neither Force nor Arts assuage,
 Which cannot be avoided, or withstood,
 But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected Flood.

III.

On *Aethiopia*, and the Southern-sands,
 The unfrequented Coasts, and parched Land,
 Whither the Sun too kind a heat doth send,
 (The Sun, which the worst Neighbour is, and the best Friend)
 Hither a mortal influence came,
 A fatal and unhappy flame,
 Killed by Heavens angry beam.
 With dreadful frowns the Heavens scattered here
 Cruel infectious heats into the Air,
 Now all their stores of poyson sent,
 Threatning at once a general doom,
 Lavisht out all their hate, and meant
 In future Ages to be innocent,
 Not to disturb the World for many years to come.

Hold ! Heavens hold ! Why should your Sacred Fire,
 Which doth to all things Life inspire,
 By whose kinde beams you bring
 Each year on every thing,
 A new and glorious Spring,
 Which doth th' Original seed
 Of all things in the womb of Earth that breed,
 With vital heat and quickning feed,
 VVhy should you now that heat employ,
 The Earth, the Air, the Fields, the Cities to annoy ?
 That which before reviv'd, why should it now destroy ?

IV.

Those *Africk* Desarts strait were double Desarts grown,
 The rav'nous Beasts were left alone,

The ray'ous beaſts then ſift began
 To pity their old enemy *Mae*
 And blam'd the *Plague* for what they would themſelves have
 Nor ſtay'd the cruel evil there
 Nor could be long nor ſtand in one *Air*
 Plagues preſently forſake I
 The *Wilderneſs*, which they themſelves do make
 Away the ſtately breaths their ſouls take
 Driven by a mighty wind
 They and booty and triſh for rage find
 The loaded wind went ſwiftly on
 And as it paſt was heard to ſigh and groan
 On *Egypt* next it ſtood
 Nor could but by a general ruine be appear'd
Egypt in rage back on the South did look
 And wondred thence ſhould come ſuch unhappy ſtrokes
 From whence before her fruitful ſoaks ſhe took
Egypt did now outſide and revile
 Thoſe very Lands from whence ſhe has her Nile
Egypt now fear'd another *Hebrew* God
 Another Angels Hand, a ſecond *Arms* Rod
 Then on it goes, and through the Sacred Land
 Its angry Forces did command
 But God did place an Angel there
 Its violence to withſtand
 And turn into another road the puriſh Air
 To *Tyre* it came, and there did all devour
 Though that by *Sea* might think it ſelf ſecure
 Nor ſtand, as the great Conquerors did
 Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tyde
 Which did it from the ſhore divide
 But paſt the waters, and did all poſſeſs
 And quickly all was wilderneſs

Thence

Thence it did *Persia* over-run,
 And all that Sacrifice unto the Sun;
 In every limb a dreadful pain they felt;
 Tortur'd with secret coals did melt;
 The *Persians* call'd upon their Sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd the pain.
 They lookt up to their God no more;
 But curse the beams they worshipp'd before;
 And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruine of the East,
 She took her wings and down to *Athen's* past;
 Just Plague in which doſt no parties take,
 But *Greece* as well as *Persia* sack;
 VVhile in unnatural quarrels they
 (Like Frogs and Mice) each other ſlay,
 Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away,
 Thither it came, and did deſtroy the Town,
 VVhilst all its Ships and Souldiers lookt upon;
 And now the *Asian* Plague did more
 Than all the *Asian* Force could do before.
 VVithout the VValls the *Spartan* Army ſate,
 The *Spartan* Army came too late;
 For now there was no farther work for ſate.
 They ſaw the City open lay;
 An eaſe and a bootleſs prey,
 They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand;
 The Fleet, the VValls, the Forts Unman'd;
 No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now
 The Plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
 They might now unrefiſt'd enter there;
 Did they not the very Air,
 More than the *Athenians* fear,
 The Air it ſelf to them was wall, and bulwark ſtood.

Unhappy *Athenians* ! it is true, thou wert
 The poudest work of Nature and of Art:
 Learning and strength did thee compose,
 As soul and body us:
 But yet thou only these art made
 A nobler prey for Fates to invade,
 Those mighty numbers that within thee breath,
 Do only serve to make a fatter feast for Death,
 Death in the most frequented places lives,
 Most tribute from the croud receives;
 And though it bears a sigh, and seems to own
 A rustick life alone:
 It loves no VVildernesse,
 No scattred Villages,
 But mighty populous Palaces,
 The throng, the tumult, and the town;
 VVhat strange, unheard-of Conqueror is this,
 VVhich by the forces that resist it doth increase!
 VVhen other Conquerors are
 Oblig'd to make a flower war,
 Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
 And must proceed with watchful care,
 VVhen thicker troops of enemies appear,
 This stronger still, and more successful grows,
 Down sooner all before it throws,
 If greater multitudes of men do it oppose.

VIII.

The Tyrant first the haven did subdue,
 Lately the *Athenians* (it knew)
 Themselves by wooden walls did save,
 And therefore first to them th' infection gave,
 Least they new succour thence receive.

Cruel

Cruel *Pyrrus*! now thou hast undone,
 The honour thou before hadst won;
 Not all thy Merchandize,
 Thy wealth, thy treasures,
 VVhich from all Coasts thy Fleet supplies,
 Can to atone this crime suffice.
 Next o're the upper Town it spread,
 VVith mad and undiscerned speed,
 In every corner, every street,
 VVithout a guide did set its feet,
 And too familiar every house did greet.
 Unhappy *Greece of Greece*! great *Theseus* now
 Did thee a mortal injury do,
 VVhen first in walls he did thee close,
 VVhen first he did thy Citizens reduce,
 Houses and Government, and Laws to use.
 It had been better if thy people still
 Dispersed in some field, or bill,
 Though Salvage, and undisciplin'd did dwell,
 Though barbarous, untanic, and rude,
 Than by their numbers thus to be subdu'd;
 To be by their own swarms anoid,
 And to be civilized only to be destroy'd.

IX.

Minerva started when she heard the noise,
 And dying mens confused voice.
 From Heaven in haste she came to see
 VVhat was the mighty prodigie.
 Upon the Castle pinacles she sat,
 And dar'd not nearer fly,
 Nor midst so many deaths, to trust her very Deity.
 VVith pitying look she saw at every gate
 Death and destruction wait;

She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
 And all th' immortall powers above,
 But though a Goddess now did pray,
 The Heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
 She brought her Olive, and her Shield,
 Neither of these Alas! assistance yeild.
 She lookt upon *Midas* her face,
 Was angry that she was
 Her self of an Immortal Race,
 Was angry that her Gorgons head
 Could not strike her as well as others dead;
 She sat, and wept awhile, and then away she fled.
 Now Death began her sword to whet,
 Not all the *Cyclops* swear,
 Nor *Vulcans* mighty Anvils could prepare
 Weapons enough for her,
 No weapon large enough but all the Air;
 Men felt the heat within 'um rage,
 And hop'd the Air would it assuage,
 Call'd for its help, but th' Air did them deceive,
 And aggravate the ill it should relieve,
 The Air no more was Vital now,
 But did a mortal poyson grow,
 The Lungs which us'd to fan the heart,
 Onely now serv'd to fire each part,
 VVhat should refresh the throat
 And now this very breath
 The chiefest signe of life turn'd the cause of death.
 Upon the *Agave* first she did fall
 As a bold Conquerour she first

Begins

Begins with Mans Metropolis
Secur'd the Capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
Blood started through each eye;
The redness of that Skie,
Fore-told a tempest high
The tongue did flow all ore
With clotted Filth and Gore;

As doth a Lyons when some innocent prey
He hath devoured and brought away;
Hoarseness and foxes the throat did fill,
And stopt the passages of speech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill
Which nor content to kill
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Dost take from men the very power to complaine

XII

Then down it went into the breast;
There are all the seats and shops of life posses;
Such noisome smells from thence did come,
As if the stomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemies tide.
The very meat new poisons to the Plague supply'd.
Next to the heart the fires came
The heart did wonder what usurping flame,
What unknown, furnace shoud
On its more natural heat intrude.
Strait call'd its spirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The rained blood its course began,
And caried death where ere it ran.

That which before was Nature's noblest Art,
The circulation from the heart,
VVas most destructive now,
And Nature speedier did undo,
For that the sooner did impart
The poyson and the smart,
The infectious blood to every distant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at last its share,
And all the subtil labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new Monsters bear.
Here seven dayes it rul'd and sway'd,
And ofner kill'd because it death to long delay'd.
But if through strength and heat of age,
The body overcame its rage,
The Plague departed, as the Devil doeth,
VVhen driven by prayers away he goeth.
If Prayers and Heaven do him controul,
And if he cannot have the soul,
Himself out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour lose,
But takes away with him part of the house.
So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
VVho conquer'd it, some part, some limb;
Some lost the use of hands, or eyes,
Some armes, some legs, some thighs,
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot,
Those various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous shapes were dead;
And now they ranackt memory
Languish'd in naked poverty,
Had lost its mighty treasury.

They past the *Lethe* Lake, although they did not die.

XIV: VVhat-

(11)

XIV.

Whatever lesser Maladies men had,
They all gave place and vanished;
Those petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their head.
Feavers, Agues, Palfies, Stone,
Gout, Cholick, and Consumption,
And all the milder Generation,
By which Man-kind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
Rejoyc'd, but all alas, in vain,
'Twas an unhappy remedie,
Which cur'd 'um that they might both worse and sooner die.

XV.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
They the first spoils to the proud Victor fall,
Nor would the Plague their knowledge trust,
But feared their skill, and therefore slew them first:
So Tyrants when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefeft men to feel the stroke,
The chiefeft and the wisest heads, least they
Should soonest disobey,
Should first rebell, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juyces power,
None of *Apollo's* art could cure,
But helpt the Plague the speedier to devour.
Physick it self was a disease,
Physick the fatal tortures did increase,
Prescriptions did the pains renew,
And *Esculapins* to the sick did come,
As afterwards to *Rome*,
In form of Serpent, brought new paysons with him too.

D

XVI. The

(11)

XVI.

The streams did wonder, that so soon
As they were from their Native mountains gone,
They saw themselves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes Army near.
Some cast into the pit the Urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At first the coolness of the stream did thank,
But strait the more were scorch'd, the more did burn;
And drunk with water in their drinking fank:
That Urn which now to quench their thirst they use,
Shortly their Ashes shall inclose.
Others into the Chrystal brook,
With faint and wondring eyes did look,
Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their leggs forlook.
Some snatch'd the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.
So have I seen on Eime cold water thrown,
Strait all was to a Ferment grown,
And hidden seeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm, and temperate before,
Such as the Finger could indure;
But when the moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and strait to ashes broke.

XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They like some mighty burden bear
The lightest covering of Air.

All

All Sexes and all Ages do invade
 The bounds which Nature laid,
 The Laws of modesty which Nature made;
 The Virgins blush nor, yet unclóath'd appear,
 Undress'd do run about, yet never fear.
 The pain and the disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce men to
 That nakedness once more,
 Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
 No Deep, no peace, no rest,
 Their wandring and affrighted minds possess;
 Upon their souls and eyes,
 Hell and Eternal horror lies,
 Unusual shapes, and imagies,
 Dark pictures, and resemblances
 Of things to come, and of the World below,
 O're their distemper'd fancies go:
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
 The Gods above, the Gods beneath;
 Sometimes they cruelties, and fury breath,
 Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

XVIII.

Scattered in Fields the Bodies lay,
 The earth call'd to the Fowls to take their Flesh away.
 In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
 Nor would their food with their own ruine buy,
 But at full meals, they hunger, pine and die.
 The Vulturs afar off did see the feast,
 Rejoyc'd, and call'd their friends to taste,
 They rallied up their troops in haste,
 Along came mighty droves,
 Forsook their young ones, and their groves,
 Each one his native mountain and his nest;
 They come, but all their carcases abhor,

And now avoid the dead men more
 Than weaker birds did living men before,
 But if some bolder fowls the flesh essay,
 They were destroy'd by their own prey.
 The Dog no longer bark't at coming guest,
 Repents its being a domestick Beast,
 Did to the woods and mountains haste:
 The very Owls at *Athens* are
 But seldome seen and rare,
 The Owls depart in open day,
 Rather than in infected Ivy more to stay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcases,
 The streets, the Market-place possess,
 Threatning to raise a new *Acropolis*.
 Here lies a mother and her child,
 The infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd,
 But strait by its own food was kill'd.
 There parents hugg'd their children last,
 Here parting lovers last embrac'd,
 But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd and went away together.
 Here pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
 And gain a two-fold liberty,
 They meet and thank their pains
 VVhich them from double chains
 Of body and of iron free.
 Here others peyson'd by the scent
 VVhich from corrupted bodies went,
 Quickly return the death they did receive,
 And death to others give;
 Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
 For which they others curs'd before,

Their

Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's last cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to close his eyes.

The father at his death
Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath ;
In the same hour the son doth take
His fathers will, and his own make.
The servant needs not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again ;

They languishing together lie,
Their souls away together flie ;
The husband gasp'th and his wife lies by,
It must be her turn next to die,

The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the Gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain ;
No fates in death could then divide,
They must without their priviledge together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breath :

The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thred,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroak did give whole houses dooms ;
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The Aged and decrepid years,

They

They fell, and only beg'd of Fate,
 Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
 Then Death, as if ashamed of that,
 A Conquest so degenerate,
 Cut off the young and lusty too;
 The young were reck'ning ore
 VVhat happy dayes, what joyes they had in store;
 But ffare, ere they had finish'd their account, them flew.
 The wretched Usurer dyed,
 And had no time to tell where he his treasures hid.
 The Merchant did behold
 His Ships return with Spice and Gold;
 He saw't, and turn'd aside his head,
 Nor thank'd the Gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The Meetings and Assemblies cease, no more
 The people throng about the Orator,
 No course of Justice did appear,
 No noise of Lawyers fill'd the ear,
 The Senate cast away
 The Robe of Honour, and obey
 Deaths more restless sway,
 VVhilest that with Dictatorian power
 Doth all the great and lesser Officers devour.
 No Magistrates did walk about;
 No purple aw'd the rout,
 The common people too
 A purple of their own did shew;
 And all their Bodies ore,
 The ruling colours bore;
 No Judge, no Legislators sit
 Since this new *Draco* came,
 And harsher Laws did frame,

Laws that like his in blood are writ.
 The Benches and the Pleading-place they leave,
 About the streets they run and rave :
 The madness which Great *Solon* did of late
 But counterfeit
 For the advantage of the State,
 Now his successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up starts the Souldier from his bed,
 He though Deaths servant is not freed,
 Death him cashier'd; 'cause now his help he did not need.
 He that ne'er knew before to yield,
 Or to give back or lead the Field,
 Would fain now from himself have fled.
 He snatch'd his sword now rusted o're,
 Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
 And thus in open streets did roar :
 How have I death so ill deserv'd of thee,
 That now thy self thou shouldst revenge on me ?
 Have I so many lives on thee bestow'd ?
 Have I the earth so often dy'd in blood ?
 Have I to flatter thee so many slain ?
 And must I now thy prey remain ?

Let me at least, if I must dye,
 Meet in the Field some gallant enemy.
 Send Gods the *Persian* troops again ;
 No they're a base and degenerate train ;
 They by our Women may be slain.
 Give me great Heavens some manful foes,
 Let me my death amidst some valiant *Grecians* choose,
 Let me survive to die at *Syracuse*,
 Where my dear Countrey shall her Glory lose
 For you Great Gods ! into my dying mind infuse,

VVhat

What miseries, what doom
 Must on my *Atheni* shortly come:
 My thoughts inspir'd preface,
 Slaughters and Battels to the coming Age;
 Oh! might I die upon that glorious stage: (rage.
 Oh that! but then he grasp'd his sword, & death concludes his

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O Fate!
 Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
 Left by thy making now so great a waste,
 By spending all Man-kind upon one feast,
 Thou sterve thy self at last:
 What men wilt thou reserve in store,
 Whom in the time to come thou mayst devour,
 When thou shalt have destroyed all before:
 But if thou wilt not yet give o're,
 If yet thy greedie Stomach calls for more,
 If more remain whom thou must kill,
 And if thy jawes are craving still,
 Carry thy fury to the *Scythian* coasts,
 The Northern wildness, and eternal frosts!
 Against those barbrous crouds thy arrows whet,
 Where Arts and Laws are strangers yet;
 Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not be great,
 There rage, there spread, and there infect the Air,
 Murder whole towns and families there,
 Thy work against those Savage nations dare,
 Those whom Man-kind can spare,
 Those whom man-kind it self doth fear;
 Amidst that dreadful night, and fatal cold,
 There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
 There let thy Flames their Empire hold.
 Unto the farthest Seas, and Natures ends,
 Where never Summer Sun its beams extends,
 Carry

Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
 Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
 Where never ray, or heat did come,
 They will rejoyce at such a doom.
 They'l bleſs thy Peſtilential fire,
 Though by it they expire,
 They'l thank the very Flames with which they do conſume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee ſuffice,
 Seek out new Lands where thou maiſt tyrannize;
 Search every forreſt, every hill,
 And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
 Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
 Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure,
 And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
 Let all thoſe humane beaſts be ſlain,
 Till ſcarce their memory remain;
 Thy ſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
 'Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
 Measure the ruder world throughout,
 March all the Ocean ſhores about,
 Only paſs by and ſpare the *British Iſle*.
 Go on, and (what *Columbus* once ſhall do,
 When daies and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
 Find out new lands, and unknown countries too.
 Attempt thoſe lands which yet are hid
 From all Mortalitie beſide:
 There thou maiſt ſteal a victory,
 And none of this world hear the cry:
 Of thoſe that by thy wounds ſhall die;
 No *Greek* ſhall know thy cruelty,
 And tell it to poſterity.
 Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty Lands,
 Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;

Go, and the *Spaniards* sword prevent ;
 Go, make the *Spaniard* innocent;
 Go, and root out all man-kind there,
 That when the *European* Armies shall appear,
 Their sin may be the less,
 They may find all a wilderness,
 And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant ;
 Rather than thou should'st full employment want,
 We do permit in *Greece* it self thy Kingdom plant,
 Ransack *Lycurgus* streets throughour,
 They've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
 On wanton and proud *Corinth* seize,
 Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.
 Let *Cyprus* feel more fires than those of Love:
 Let *Delos* which at first did give the Sun,
 See unknown Flames in her begun,
 Now let her with she might unconstant prove,
 And from her place might truly move :
 Let *Lemnos* all thy anger feel,
 And think that a new *Vulcan* fell,
 And brought with him new Anvils, and new hell.
 Nay at *Athens* too we give thee up,
 All that thou find'st in Field, or camp, or shop,
 Make havock there without controul
 Of every ignorant and common soul.
 But then kind Plague, thy conquests stop ;
 Let Arts, and let the learned there escape,
 Upon *Minerva's* self commit no rape ;
 Touch not the sacred throng,
 And let *Apollo's* Priests be (like him) young,
 Let him be healthful too, and strong.

But

But ah ! too ravenous Plague, whilst I
 Strive to keep off the misery,
 The learned too as fast as others round me die ;
 They from corruption are not free,
 Are mortal though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their Authors o're, to try
 What help, what cure, what remedy
 All Natures stores against this Plague supply,
 And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
 They search'd it in their books, and fain would meet it there.
 They turn'd the Records of the antient times,
 And chiefly those that were made famous by their crimes ;
 To find if men were punish'd so before,
 But found not the disease nor cure.
 Nature alas ! was now surpriz'd,
 And all her Forces seiz'd,
 Before she was how to resist advis'd:
 So when the Elephants did first affright
 The *Romans* with unusual fight,
 They many battels lose,
 Before they knew their foes,
 Before they understood such dreadful troops t'oppose.

XXVIII.

Now ev'ry different Sect agrees
 Against their common adversary the disease,
 And all their little wranglings cease ;
 The *Pythagoreans* from their precepts swerve,
 No more their silence they observe,
 Out of their Schools they run,
 Lament, and cry, and groan ;
 They now desir'd their Metempsychosis ;
 Not only do dispute, but wish
 That they might turn to beasts, or fowls, or fish.

If the *Platonicks* had been here,
 They would have curs'd their Masters year,
 When all things shall be as they were,
 When they again the same disease should bear :
 And all the Philosophers would now,
 What the great *Stagyrite* shall do,
 Themselves into the waters head-long throw.

XXIX.

The *Stoick* felt the deadly stroke,
 At first assault their courage was not broke,
 They call'd to all the *Cobweb* aid,
 Of rules and precepts which in store they had ;
 They bid their hearts stand out,
 Bid them be calm and stout ;
 But all the strength of precepts will not do'r.
 They can't the storms of passions now assuage,
 As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
 The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
 The Gods gave no release unto their pain,
 The Gods to fear even for themselves began.
 For now the sick unto the temples came,
 And brought more than a holy flame,
 There at the Altars made their prayer,
 They sacrific'd and died there,
 A sacrifice not seen before ;
 That Heaven, only us'd unto the gore.
 Of Lambs or Bulls, should now
 Loaded with Priests see its own Altars too.

XXX.

The woods gave fun'ral piles no more,
 The dead the very fire devour,
 And that almighty Conqueror over-power,
 The noble and the common dust
 Into each others graves are thrust,

No place is sacred, and no tomb,
 'Tis now a priviledg to consume;
 Their ashes no distinction had;
 Too truly all by death are equal made.
 The Ghosts of those great Heroes that had fled
 From *Athens* long since banished,
 Now o're the City hovered;
 Their anger yielded to their love,
 They left th' immortal joys above,
 So much their *Athens* danger did them move,
 They came to pity and to aid,
 But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
 When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
 And poor mens bones the noble Urns invade:
 Back to the blessed seats they went,
 And now did thank their banishment;
 By which they were to die in forein Countries sent.

XXXI.

But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,
 Hell forth its magazines of Lusts did call,
 Nor would it be content
 With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
 Into the upper world it went.
 Such guilt, such wickedness,
 Such irreligion did increase,
 That the few good who did survive,
 Were angry with the Plague for suffering them to live,
 More for the living than the dead did grieve.
 Some robb'd the very dead,
 Though sure to be infected ere they fled,
 Though in the very Air sure to be punished.

Some

Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
 Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
 Though such examples of their power appear'd.
 Vertue was now esteem'd an empty name,
 And honesty the foolish voice of fame;
 For having pass'd those tort'ring flames before,
 They thought the punishment already o're,
 Thought Heaven no worse torments had in store;
 Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

FINIS.

A List of some choice Books, Printed
for *Henry, Brome* at the Gun in Ivy-lane.

Poems { Lyrique,
Macronique, } by Mr. *Henry Bold*.
Heroique, &c.

Songs and Poems by Mr. *A. Brome*, the second Edition.

All the Songs and Poems on the *Long Parliament*, from 1640
till 1661. by Persons of Quality.

Songs and Poems by the Wits of both Universities.

Scarronides, or *Virgil Travestie*, a Mock-Poem, being the
first Book of *Virgils Aeneis* in English, *Burlesque*.

Scarronnides, or *Virgil Travestie*, a Mock-Poem, being the
fourth Book of *Virgils Aeneis* in English, *Burlesque*: both
by a Person of Honour.

Also, a List of what Damages we have received by the
Dutch; And a brief History of the late War with the *Turks*.
Sir George Downings Reply.

P L A Y E S.

The English Moor.

The Love-sick Court.

The New Academy.

The Weeding of *Covent-*
garden.

The Royal Exchange.

The Jovial Crew; or the
Merry Beggars.

All by Mr. Richard Brome.

Two excellent pieces of Musick, the Division Viol, or the
Art of playing *extempore* on a Ground in folio. The prin-
ciples of Practical Musick in a Compendious Method for
Beginners either in Singing or Playing, both by Mr. *Ch.*
Simpson.

Diodates Notes, on the whole Bible in fol.

The Compleat History of Independency in 4 Patts, by *Cle-*
ment Walker Esq.

Bp. *Ushers* 18 Sermons preached at *Oxon*.

Blood

Blood for Blood, in 35 Tragical Stories.
 The Temple of Wisdom, by *John Heyden*.
 Trapp on the Major Prophets, in fol.
 The Alliance of Divine Offices, by *Hamond Lefrange*.
 Dr. Sparks Devotions on all the Festivals of the year,
 adorned with sculpture.
 Bp. *Sanderfons* 5 Cases of Conscience, lately published.
 Divine Anthems sung in all great Cathedrals in *England*.
 A Brief rule of Life.
 A Guide to Heaven from the word, or directions how to
 close savingly with Christ, with strict Observations on the
 Lords Day, in 12.
 A Geographical Description of All Townes, Countreys,
 Ports, Seas, and Rivers, in the whole VWorld.
 Justice Revived, or the whole Office of a Countrey Justice, 8°. *Also*
 The Exact Constable: Both by *Mr. Wingate Esq.*
 All *Mr. L. Esfrange's* pieces against the Presbyterians.

The Royal Exchange.
 The Joyfull Crew, or the
 Merry Beggars.

The English Moor.
 The Love-liek Court.
 The New Academy.
 The Wedding of Cyprian.

All by *Mr. Richard Brome*.

Two excellent pieces of Mithras, the Diviner Vision, or the
 Art of playing exquisites on a Ground in folio. The prin-
 ciples of Political Mithras in a Compendious Method for
 Beginners either in singing or playing, both by *Mr. C.*

Distant Notes on the whole Bible in fol.
 The Compleat History of Independency in 4 Parts by *Chas.*

By *Wm. 18* sermons preached at *Exeter*.

Wood

